

THE GREAT VIGILANT-BRITANNIA MATCH RACE.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

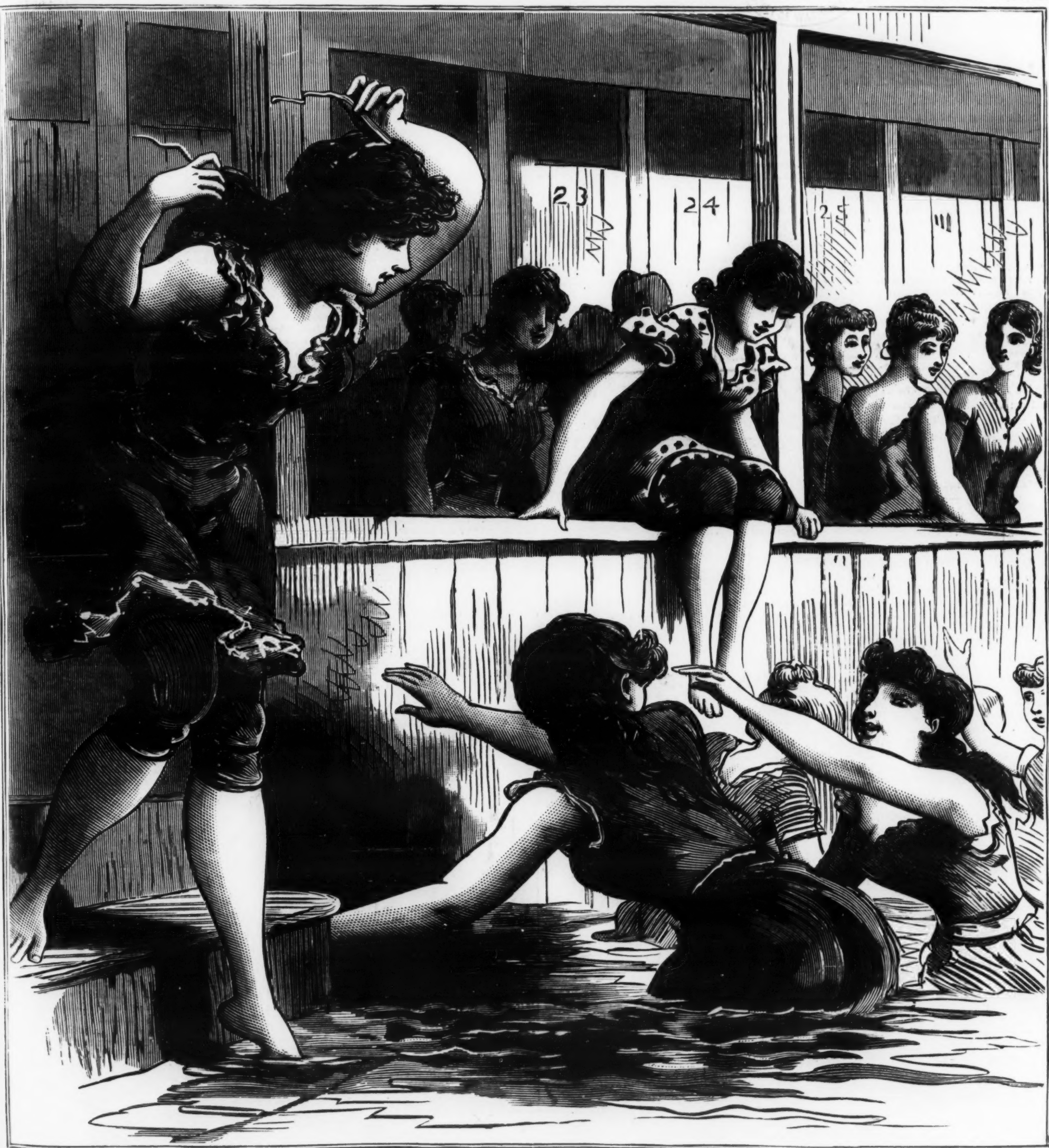
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A PRETTY WATER-NYMPH.

SHE IS THE BELLE AMONG HER SISTERS AND THE LASSES FROM CHERRY HILL, NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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CORBETT DECLARES HIMSELF.

The big reception which was given James J. Corbett on his return home last week demonstrates most emphatically the degree of esteem with which the champion pugilist of the world is held in this country. The welcome which he received was enthusiastic in the extreme, and it is safe to assert that even John L. Sullivan in his palmiest day was never greeted with such sincere manifestations of good will as the big Californian received.

Those who fancied that Corbett was not particularly anxious to meet Peter Jackson were somewhat abashed by the manifesto the champion issued on his arrival. He is willing to make all the concessions in the world to bring about a fight with the Australian champion.

"I have come back to America," Corbett declared, "to meet Peter Jackson, and I won't leave any stone unturned to accomplish my purpose. I have a scheme whereby Jackson will be compelled to fight me or quit. I have been told that there is a club north of the Mason and Dixon line which will be able to pull off the mill without interference. It is a solid and influential club, but I am not prepared to say just yet any more about it. Time will tell. Of course, this upsets the many statements which have been attributed to me that I would not fight at any other place except Jacksonville. That is perfectly ridiculous. To induce Jackson to fight me I would go anywhere. As is the usual custom, a champion is supposed to dictate his own terms. But I will waive this prerogative and give Peter a chance. Let him go ahead and declare himself and all will end serenely.

"I will wait for Jackson until August 14, on which date I will go on the road with my company. I will make a proposition then to him which will make him look like a pigmy if he doesn't accept. I would like to tell what it is, but I'm afraid if I divulge it it will spoil all my well-laid plans."

Nothing could be more decisive and to the point than the above, and if Peter Jackson means business he cannot well afford to disregard Corbett's utterances. As for meeting the Australian at the National Sporting Club of London, that is an impossibility, as we explained last week. The club limits a contest to twenty rounds, and a championship fight of this kind would be nothing short of ridiculous. Corbett and Jackson are pretty evenly matched—their 61-round draw proves that. Jackson would have all the better of a contest held under the National Sporting Club rules. He would have three chances in his favor—a chance to last the twenty rounds; second, to fight a draw, and third, to outpoint Corbett. The position of the American champion is clearly defined in this matter. He won the championship in a finish fight, and it would be the height of folly to risk losing it in a limited round bout.

VIGILANT VICTORIOUS.

She Captures In Gallant Style
the First Match Race.

THE BRITANNIA NOT IN IT.

The American Craft Led Her
Rival All the Way.

WON BY SEVERAL MINUTES.

Gould and the Prince Sailed on Their
Respective Boats.

THE FULL DETAILS OF THE RACE.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.

COWES, Aug. 4, 1894.—The course of to-day's match between the Vigilant and Britannia for a \$500 cup was from Cowes westward to the Lepe Buoy, about two miles, then to the eastward to the Warner Lightship, twelve miles, and back to Cowes, ten miles, twice round, making altogether forty-eight miles.

The morning opened with a grand sailing breeze of jib-headed topsail strength from the southwest. Each yacht prepared for the fray with four lower sails. It was considered weather just suitable for the Vigilant—a good heeling breeze and smooth water. She acquitted herself quite up to expectations, and gained a most notable victory over what is considered at the present date the best British cutter.



The Vigilant in the Homestretch.

They only had a brief trial by the wind, but this lasted sufficiently long to demonstrate the fact that had there been more of it the Vigilant would have beaten the Britannia a great deal more. It can be said, in short, that the Vigilant's superior weather qualities were strikingly manifest, although she did not stand up to her canvas in anything like the stubborn way the Britannia did.

There can be no doubt that the boats were sailed on their merits to-day, and the soundness of the trial was proved by the progressive increase the Vigilant made on her lead all round the course. There was not a fluke from the start to the finish. The Vigilant, from the moment she crossed the line, began to sail away from her rival, and continued to do so all round the course.

They reached in from the westward and cleverly stayed to the port tack on the line at the moment of the gun fire, at 10 hours 30 minutes. The Vigilant was first over the line, with the Britannia on her weather quarter about a cable's length off. It thus looked as if the latter was better placed, but the Vigilant was far enough ahead to have her wind clear, and immediately began to head reach, and at the same time to settle up under the Britannia's lee.

By the time they reached in under the Hampshire shore, at 10 hours 40 minutes, the Britannia found it prudent to tack, as the Yankee boat was now so close under her lee that the eddy wind of the Vigilant's sails was stopping her. The Vigilant followed her round, coming high on her weather quarter.

They now reached across the tide over toward the island shore, the Vigilant heeling much more freely to the strong breeze, but still weathering out in the most wonderful manner.

The Britannia was first to tack again off Gurnard, at 10 hours 50 minutes, and the Vigilant went into stays at the same moment and now came well ahead under the Britannia's lee bow.

Of course, according to the canons of English yacht racing, the Vigilant should have stood on for another two or three hundred yards, so that she could have been placed on the Britannia's weather bow. As the Vigilant had the Lepe Buoy well under her lee bow, however, she would have rather lost ground than otherwise by weather-bowing her rival. The Britannia, as it turned out, overreached a trifle and came up to the buoy with her sheets just started, and had to bear away round the buoy and gybe over, the time of rounding being:

H. M. S.	H. M.
Vigilant.....10 55 7	Britannia.....10 56

Mainbooms were run well off over the port quarters

Beauties of the Stage. LILLIAN RUSSELL.
Fanny Ward, Nina Fawcett, Marie Jansen, Sadie Martinot, of the Series: 65 Illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail at any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

and the spinnaker booms were lowered, but neither set their running sail. They went back to Cowes on the back of the tide at a great pace. At old Castle Point, meeting a wind more southerly, sheets were drawn in and spinnaker booms topped up again.

Sailing along the island shore they were frequently heeled rail deep by gusts of wind, the Vigilant making a much greater display of her weather barge than the Britannia. Another pull of the sheets was taken off Ryde Sands, and at Roman Fort they became close hauled for the close fetch of two miles to the Warner Lightship.

The Vigilant continued to open her lead every yard she sailed, and seemed to spring off in the off shore slammers with wonderful life, while they amply sterned the Britannia, although she did not bend to them as the Vigilant did. The time of tacking round the Warner was:

H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Vigilant.....11 50 46	Britannia.....11 53 33

They came back to Roman Fort with main booms well off the starboard quarter, but at the fort sheets were drawn in full and bye for a long lay up along the island shore. The southing of the wind enabled them to make a clear fetch of it right through to the Lepe buoy.

Frequent squalls heeled them on the way up, but the only feature of the long reach was the continuous manner in which the Vigilant drew out her lead, the time at the Lepe buoy being:

H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Vigilant.....12 40 49	Britannia.....12 53 53

It was another plain sail in a thick drizzle of rain back to Cowes, and after passing through the roads each met with a lull in the wind off Old Castle Point, but as they reached through Osborne Bay the breeze laid on harder than ever, and they were driven at a good eleven knots speed up to Ryde, the Vigilant's round entrance churning up a huge bank of foam on the beach.

Now again it was a reach from Norman to the Warner, where the Vigilant had a lead of nearly 6 minutes, as follows:

H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Vigilant.....1 54 23	Britannia.....2 00 17

It was a stirring sail back, with sheets pretty flat, in and along the island shore, the weather remaining thick, but with the wind keeping up its strength, with frequent off shore squalls. It was a long stretch of ten miles from the Warner to Cowes, and the Vigilant did not increase her lead at anything like the rate she did over the other parts of the course.

The wind kept up in strength, and the plain sail round the course ended as follows:

H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Vigilant.....2 36 45	Britannia.....2 43 18

The Vigilant thus came in first by 6 minutes 33 seconds and won, reckoning the time allowance, by 4 minutes 29 seconds.

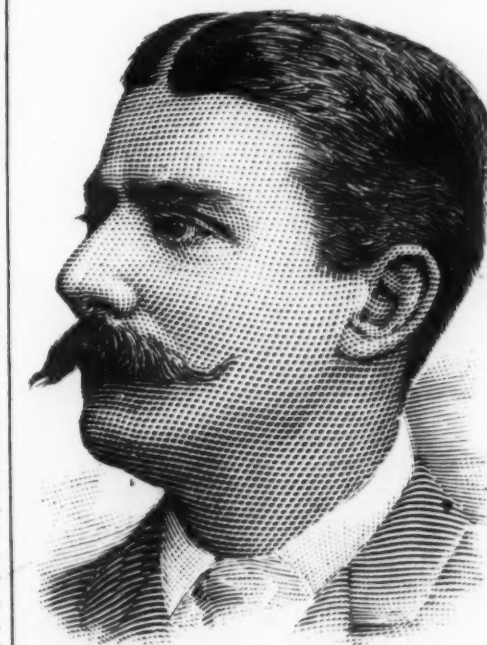
Both the Vigilant and the Britannia were measured in the dock at Southampton. The Vigilant gutted out for the purpose and had no ballast on board and, of course, she sailed in the trim she was measured in, that being in compliance with the British Yacht Racing Association rules. The Vigilant's load line made one foot longer than that she sailed on in the America's Cup races, but her sail area was smaller, although still some twelve hundred square feet in excess of that of the Britannia.

The Britannia had taken on two or three tons of ballast since the Penzance race and had been brought more by the stern. This had the effect of increasing her load line by the length of three inches, and does not appear to have improved her sailing.

The race, barring accidents, according to those who claim to know, was won almost at the start. Everything was in the Vigilant's favor, save, perhaps, her abominable head sails, which showed their faults more plainly by contrast with the superb suit carried by the Britannia. The wind, the sea and the course all fought on the side of the Vigilant. Practically there was no windward work, though in regard to this those on board, especially Mr. Iselin, declared that more would have been desirable.

The general opinion of English yachtsmen, however, is that in beating to windward the Britannia has proved herself the better boat. With such a steady wind, and in view of the nature of the course, nothing, apart from a simple record of the race, is left to say, save, perhaps, that through ignorance of the exact position of the Prince Consort's buoy, the Vigilant lost nearly half a minute in the first round.

It is needless to say that the delight of the Vigilant's



C. O. Iselin, Head of the American Syndicate that Built the Vigilant.

crew, as well as of Mr. Gould and his friends, is unbounded. Mr. Gould, whose face was wreathed in smiles, said: "I have felt confident from the first that, given what we call racing weather, the Vigilant could out sail the Britannia. There was no fluke, at all events, to-day."

Mr. Iselin seemed to take the victory as a matter of course. He said: "We have proved what I have constantly maintained, and that is, save in those light airs

for which she was not intended, the Vigilant can out sail the Britannia on every point. To-day her superiority was principally shown in reaching and running, but such windward work as we had was all in favor of this boat."

Said her proprietor: "The Vigilant can beat anything in these waters in weather like to-day's."

Capt. Huff said: "I hope to-day's victory will wipe out much of the record of the past. I consider it the best and fairest opportunity we have as yet had to show what the boat is made of."

Just before the Vigilant came to her moorings the Britannia passed, and was greeted with three ringing cheers, led by Mr. Gould and Mr. Iselin. The Prince replied by raising his cap.

Soon after the Vigilant anchored Mr. Gould put off to



Earl of Dunraven, Referee of the Race.

the Atalanta to join the party there, which included Countess Delawarr, Lord Ava, Col. and Mrs. Cornwallis West and Col. Armitage.

In the evening Mr. Gould dined with the Prince of Wales on board the Osborne. The chief feature of the day, apart from the race itself, was the extraordinary number of yachts under weigh at the start. A whole fleet seemed moving eastward.

Every one agrees that in the history of Cowes no such sight was ever seen. In short, the usual crowds lined the parade from the Marine Hotel to Egypt house, following every movement of the yachts as long as they were in sight. It was noticeable, however, that the winner received no greeting worth mentioning. Nothing remotely comparable to that at Queenstown, for instance. But it must be remembered that Cowes is not wont to be demonstrative in this particular fashion. Among the distinguished people present were Gouverneur Kortright of the New York Yacht Club, C. N. Stevens of Boston, Commodore E. D. Morgan, Oden Goelet, Lord Dudley, Sir R. W. Bulkeley, Lord Ormonde, Richard K. Fox and wife, Lord Brossy, Col. Paget, Capt. Fortesque, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Dufferin and a multitude of others.

Another correspondent sent the following account of the race:

It was with a face wreathed with smiles that Captain Huff ordered up the mainsail of the Vigilant this morning, just half an hour before the starting gun was fired. There was a fresh southwesterly breeze and a comparatively smooth sea. Both promised well in favor of the American boat, and when Mr. Gould, who had made up his mind late the night before to sail on the Vigilant instead of following the race on the Atalanta, came on board he found the faces surrounding him as cheerful as they had been gloomy on the last racing day at Penzance.

Among the small party which was all that, according to the conditions, could accompany him, were Colonel Paget, who represented the Prince of Wales on the Vigilant, as Mr. E. D. Morgan did Mr. Gould on the Britannia; Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Howard Gould and, finally, but most particularly, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, whose intimate knowledge of the sailing qualities of the boat was expected to prove of the greatest value in to-day's match.

The Vigilant was off first, pointing off for the Hampshire shore. It was painful to see how her mainsail shivered and flapped as she tacked around, and again, on the second leg, when she went about again for Lepe buoy, showing herself very slow in her stays. It looked as though she was never going to make up her mind to move again. When she did start, however, it was like a steam engine, dashing off from her white bows the still whiter churned up waves.

Making off to the Lepe buoy it was very noticeable now and throughout the race how much less stiff the Vigilant was than her rival. The Britannia stood up splendidly to the weather. The Vigilant's rail was under water and many times a couple of feet of her deck.

From the life buoy, barring accidents, the race was the Vigilant's. She had shown her powers of beating the Britannia with a good wind on and little beating. There were still two broad legs. Every one knew that the American yacht could beat her English competitor in reaching, and the race was practically a reaching one.

It would have been a grand race between the Satanita and the Vigilant. Yesterday the Satanita showed what she was in such a wind by holding the Britannia, although sailing with topsails hoisted.

As the yachts passed Osborne there were many interested spectators. Sprinkled among them was the Princess Beatrice, who had telegraphed down to Lord Ormonde to know what time the yachts would pass the place. The reply was half-past eleven. Owing to the brisk breeze they got there a quarter of an hour earlier. The roof of the tower, just near the mark boat, was covered with soldiers, who cheered both yachts equally.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Birds of Prey Who Reap Gold From Man's Folly.

OUR GILDED YOUTHS IN PERIL

Pretty Delia Stacey Has Trouble With Her Jealous Husband.

SHE WAS FORMERLY ON THE STAGE.

The life of the gay young man of New York with a pocketful of money and a walnut-shell full of brains can be likened unto that of the giddy butterfly, but it is full of pitfalls.

It will much surprise the many, many hundreds of wealthy young New Yorkers who go to make up this class to know that they are the prey of an organized flock of female birds of prey who rely entirely upon their personal charms and on their keen, shrewd knowledge of human nature to entice these strappings to a nest and disrobe them of their gaudy feathers.

In a handsome apartment house not many miles from the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-seventh street lives a beautiful woman of middle age. This apartment house has been her abiding place for the past three years. She has mingled indiscriminately with the well-to-do people in the house. She has held herself aloof from all those who were not the happy possessors of name, fame, or money.

She poses as a widow whose husband died some four years ago leaving her a comfortable money fortune and real estate in South America, from which a fair annual revenue is derived.

This mysterious woman receives but few friends from the outside world. Those friends could be numbered on the fingers of a hand.

This same woman is the one who stands at the lever that guides the destinies of the shrewdest, cleverest adventuresses, who prey upon the weaknesses, physical and mental, of the gilded youths incubated in the lap of New York society. The apartment of this female engineer is luxuriously furnished.

On the walls are masterpieces of brush masters, on the floors are the heaviest and softest specimens of Oriental looms. The silverware is of the finest, and the bric-a-brac is a continuous suggestion of the antique.

This same woman was not always the centerpiece of regal splendor. Fifteen years ago she was one of the most popular courtesans in the city of London. A year after the time when she had reached the zenith of her fame and shame she married an army officer.

Fifteen months after the marriage she deserted her husband and came to New York. Ever since the day that she set foot on American soil she has been what might be very properly described as a human spider's web for the reception of brainless human male flies.

The methods which this woman adopts to earn a living by ensnaring the susceptible hearts of the brainless young rounders who worship at the shrine of her legion of coryphees are as simple as they are ingenious. Her stock in trade is shrewdness, knowledge of human nature, and a book which she can turn to at any moment and find the names of the young men of the town who are willing to play a part in the human drama of "His Money and a Fool Soon Parted."

Not only does this book of reference lay bare the weaknesses of the son, but it tells in a very concise way how the father and mother of the victim may be approached in a case of emergency. In a sentence, this woman lives and has an ignoble being on the strength of the weaknesses of others.

She has in her employ some fifteen or twenty young women. The majority of them come from good families, were given good educations, but fell from grace and started in on a life of shame. The minority are of that class who, with a wealth of intellect, come from humble parents and, becoming dissatisfied with poor surroundings, allow their ambition to carry them into that broad path that inevitably leads to moral destruction.

This unknown woman of the apartment house is the commander-in-chief of this immoralist regiment. She has four captains. A gambler would call them "cappers." These captains report every morning between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock to the commander to receive their instructions. The injunction to the cleverest one of the quartet, when put in cold type, reads something like this:

"Alfred X—arrived last night from Omaha. He has been here twice within the last six months. He is stopping at the Hotel. He has a predilection for blondes. His favorite drink is brandy and English soda. Do your best to see that one of the girls gets everything he has."

While these instructions are being given to this particular captain of the immoralist regiment the commandant is carefully scanning her fateful book of reference. To another she says, after consulting it:

"Young No Brains is on a drunk. You'll be able to find him at —'s restaurant at any hour of the morning for the next week. He is an easy mark for a pretty brunette. Send one of your cleverest girls up there every night and you will nail him."

Instructions such as these, couched in slightly different language and all bearing on the same bunco issue, are given to the other captains. These instructions are well remembered. They are carried by the receivers to the human depositaries, agents, workers, or whatever you may be pleased to call them.

The servants of the woman in the apartment house set their nets according to instructions. If they land their game the commander-in-chief takes 50 per cent.

of the money that the employee begs, borrows or steals from the victim. The captain who sends the successful operator out gets 25 per cent. The worker gets an equal amount, which is paid by the commandant's check every two weeks.

Every all-night Broadway and Sixth avenue restaurant is visited by these sirens or employees at least once a night. Even if they are not instructed to look after any particular district they are always in search of stray game.

Since the exercise of so much police vigilance a number of these women have engaged a room at one or other of the most fashionable Broadway hotels.

The object of the woman who directed them to do so was to gather in any of the brands from the burning that these sirens of hers were unable to pick out of the fire while the game was on in the day, late night and early morn.

It is a game that could not be worked so successfully in any other city but New York. The income of the backer of the game is said to be about \$25,000 a year.

The *jeunesse doree* of the city may well read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the facts as here set forth.

Should Delia Stacey, the comic-opera and farce-comedy favorite, be called upon to sing the song which would most nearly express the sentiments of her heart, she would probably sing, as did Jack Mason in "Friend Fritz":

For married life is full of strife,
And scarcely worth the game.

In comfortable apartments at No. 21 West Sixty-first street, in New York city, Miss Stacey, or rather Mrs. Thomas H. Burchell, sits at her sick mother's bedside. At the door watches Miss Stacey's younger brother, Tommy. He is looking for the coming of Mr. Burchell, "the lord and master" of the household, who left the house declaring that as Mrs. Stacey, Delia's sick mother, would not leave the house voluntarily, he would get a

years ago made her debut at the old Gaiety Theatre, now St. James's Hall. The play was a failure, in spite of the fact that Delia was the star and that Gen. Sherman and his friends occupied all the boxes. Then Delia Stacey entered the employ of Augustin Daly, and in his company played minor parts until she became convinced that comic opera was her field. Then she entered into a contract with the Casino management and appeared with Casino companies in principal and secondary parts until two years ago, when she became convinced that farce comedy was really her forte. Quite naturally, she joined the company of another old Casino favorite, Jimmy Powers, who was starring in "A Straight Tip," and she remained with him and shared his honors until the close of his season a year ago.

At her mother's home, in Baltimore, she married Thomas H. Burchell a year ago. Mr. Burchell is an umbrella manufacturer in this city at No. 442 Broadway. He was born in Elmira and has money. He also has a brother, Samuel, who is in business with him. He is "about thirty-four years old," his wife says.



In the summer of 1893 the Burchells were happy as could be. They had a pretty cottage at New Rochelle. There lived the husband and wife and the wife's mother and little brother, Miss Delia Stacey—for nobody ever thought of calling her Mrs. Burchell unless her husband was around—became a leader in the summer life of New Rochelle, for she loved the sports of the sea, and in sea sports the summer residents of New Rochelle, who toll hard in the city most of the time, revel. November 1, 1893, Mr. Burchell took apartments at No. 31 West Sixty-first street. Mrs. Stacey, Delia's mother, furnished them, she says. Then Mrs. Stacey went to Cuba to spend the winter, leaving Delia and her husband in the flat. The rest of the story is told by Delia.

"Really, you know," she said, "my husband became so insanely jealous that even my lady friends deserted me. I could not get anybody to go shopping with me. They said: 'No, Delia, we like you, but if our coming around here is going to make Mr. Burchell angry we will not come.' I believe he was out of his head. Last June, with his consent, I made a contract to return to the stage this coming season. He said I could, but he really did not think that I would, you know. But I did. Then he got mad. He said I would have to break my contract. Now, could I? Wasn't he foolish?"

"It got worse and worse. He used to talk funny. We were quarreling all the time. It was not my fault, you know. He would bring me home books and newspapers with places in them marked about people committing suicide and murdering each other. He threatened to shoot me. He threatened afterwards to throw vitriol over my face. He said he thought that was better than shooting me, because it would disfigure me. Ugh!"

"Finally things got so bad that I sent for mamma. Mamma came, and she no sooner got here and began to try to smooth things over than he took a fearful dislike to her. He must be crazy. Well, matters went on just as bad as they possibly could go until a week ago, when he did not come home. But he wrote me a terrible letter. In it he said that he hoped he would never see my face again; that he wished I was dead, and talked bad about my mother. Of course I was worried, but I determined that I would never live with him again, and mamma and I started to look for a place to move our furniture to. These rooms are his, you know, but the furniture is ours.

"Mamma went out on a recent morning to see some apartments we have engaged. The heat was so great that when she came in she was so ill that she had to go to bed. She had nervous prostration. Trying to drink a cup of tea she scalded herself.

"I called a doctor and he said that mamma must have perfect rest. At noon my husband came around. When he found my mother here he was furious. He ordered her out. Now, I have some spunk, and I simply put my foot down and said she should not leave. He stormed and swore, and finally said he would go out and get a policeman and have my mother put on the street. Now he can't, can he? I will not let him, anyway.

"I have consulted a lawyer and intend to bring suit for separation. I have nothing against Mr. Burchell, but I am simply afraid to live with him, he acts so crazy. The idea of his threatening to kill me! Think,

too, of his wanting me to break my contract for next season?"

One of the many imposing residences in pretty Bedford Park, New York, is at the corner of Briggs avenue and the Southern Boulevard, owned and occupied by Dr. Frank Le C. Dowe. He is thirty-five years old, fine looking, with a full brown beard and mustache, and steel gray eyes that peer sharply at you through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. Besides having an extensive practice Dr. Dowe is visiting physician at the Ursuline Academy in Bedford Park, and in Harlem he has a private dispensary.

A quarter of a mile away from Dr. Dowe's new house on Suburban street lived until a week ago in apparent happiness, Charles E. Hanson, a well-to-do jeweler, with his wife and several children, the eldest a handsome girl of sixteen. Mrs. Hanson is still a pretty woman, although forty years old. She is petite and graceful, with sparkling dark eyes and thick brown hair. One would not believe that she has been a mother to thirteen children, yet such is the fact. Dr. Dowe was the Hansons' family physician. Early Saturday evening, July 21, Mr. Hanson came home from his store, No. 108 W. Twenty-third street, and found his wife in an agitated frame of mind. She had been crying. It is alleged she told her husband a story that made him wild with anger and that he said that Dowe was visiting physician at the Ursuline Academy in Bedford Park, and in Harlem he has a private dispensary.

After a few minutes' consultation he ran across the street and seized by the sleeve John D. Treadwell, who is connected with the firm of Thurber, Whyland & Co. The two went a few doors away and got lawyer James A. Gray, a United States District Attorney. Then they visited T. J. Gleason, another neighbor, a jeweler, at No. 112 Liberty street, and the four men returned to Mr. Hanson's house.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Hanson, "I want you as witnesses to my wife's statement. Repeat what you told me," he said, turning to his wife.

The wife told the story in a shame-faced way. The four decided that the doctor should leave Bedford Park. "When?" inquired Mr. Hanson.

"Right away—to-morrow," said his friends, "and we will tell him."

With that, despite the wife's protestations, the jeweler's three friends left the house. They rang the doctor's bell and stalked through the doorway when the servant answered their call. "We want to see Dr. Dowe on very important business," said Mr. Gray. "We must see him and right away."

The policeman on post on the corner opposite says he heard a heated conversation and at times, he says, was on the point of ringing the bell to prevent a murder. Whatever the committee had to say was said in a few minutes. They came out showing they had not had things their own way.

"What did he say?" inquired Treadwell. "That we could be—?"

"Something to that effect," grunted Mr. Gleason.

"And he won't leave town?" continued the first speaker. He received no response, and they proceeded to Mr. Hanson's residence and told him all.

Next day Mr. Hanson did not come home to dinner. He went to board in Brooklyn, leaving his wife. She immediately put the house and property in the hands of a real-estate agent to sell and engaged Mr. Gray to defend her good name and character in any proceedings which her husband might bring.

Dr. Dowe called on his friend, Lawyer William F. Howe, of Howe & Hummel, and received legal advice, and there the matter stands.

SHOT DOWN IN HIS OFFICE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William H. Bright, a well-known oil operator, formerly with his brother, J. C. Bright, owner of the Genesee Oil Works, Buffalo, N. Y., was probably fatally shot a few days ago by Barney Murray, a discharged employee.

Mr. Bright was in the office of the company, which is now managed by Receiver Farnham. The Genesee Oil Works was one of the victims of the financial panic, and its affairs were being wound up by a receiver who deemed it best to continue the business for the benefit of the creditors, among whom were a great many of the employees. Mr. Bright had desk room in the office and was writing a letter when Murray entered.

Murray asked him for some of the money coming to him, as the company owed him about \$400 for services as night watchman, which place he held until two months ago.

Mr. Bright said: "Ask the receiver, Mr. Farnham. I haven't any money," and took up his pen again.

"You won't need any money in hell!" cried Murray, drawing a revolver and firing at Bright.

The shot entered Bright's left side between the eighth and ninth ribs. He sprang up and grappled with Murray, who hurled him away and fired another shot, which grazed his head, inflicting only a slight injury.

Bright grappled with him again and received a blow on the head with the butt of the revolver, which knocked him down. Murray fired another shot and fled. The last shot did not take effect.

Mr. Bright died the next day.

"GETTING THERE WITH BOTH FEET."

Richard K. Fox, the news dealers' friend, is getting there with both feet and he certainly deserves the success that is coming his way. He has built an annex as large as the original building and thrown it into one, and now enjoys one of the most extensive publishing plants and finest suit of offices of any publisher in the world. His press rooms, situated on the ground floor, attract thousands of people who view the printing of both the American and Spanish editions of his paper, the "Police Gazette," with the greatest of interest. The Spanish edition, which circulates in Mexico, the West Indies, South America, Spain and France, has a large circulation, one dealer alone using over 1,000 copies. This publication is published monthly. Eight numbers have been already issued, the August number having just been published. Mr. Fox is also having built a steam yacht to be called "The Fox" and guaranteed to beat anything in the world.—The Bookeller's Friend, July, 1894.

Don't You Need a Trade Attractor? Every social Parlor, Hotel, Saloon or Cafe should have the current issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. It is a great drawing card and trade attractor. Thirteen weeks mailed to your address for \$1.00. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE POSES AS A WIDOW.

policeman and have her put out. Tommy stands ready to fight Mr. Burchell and the policeman if any such game is attempted.

A few days ago she celebrated the first anniversary of her marriage to Mr. Burchell. The fair Delia has had a theatrical career second to none from the standpoint of the attention which her beauty and charming manner have commanded from the devotees of stage favorites. She is not a "has been." She is to star next season under the management of Charles Frohman in "Charley's Aunt." Delia was born in Hollidaysburg, Pa., — years ago. Her father was Col. May Stacey, an honored officer in the United States Army, who had won the admiration and friendship of Gen. Sherman during the civil war. Her mother, now a widow—one of those small, black-haired, black-eyed, active and fresh-complexioned women who ever appear young—was Miss May Banks, a belle of Hollidaysburg.

Col. May Stacey, the father of Delia, remained in the service until he died, and his daughter's days as a little girl were passed at army posts. She showed talent for the stage, both as a singer and an actress, and about six

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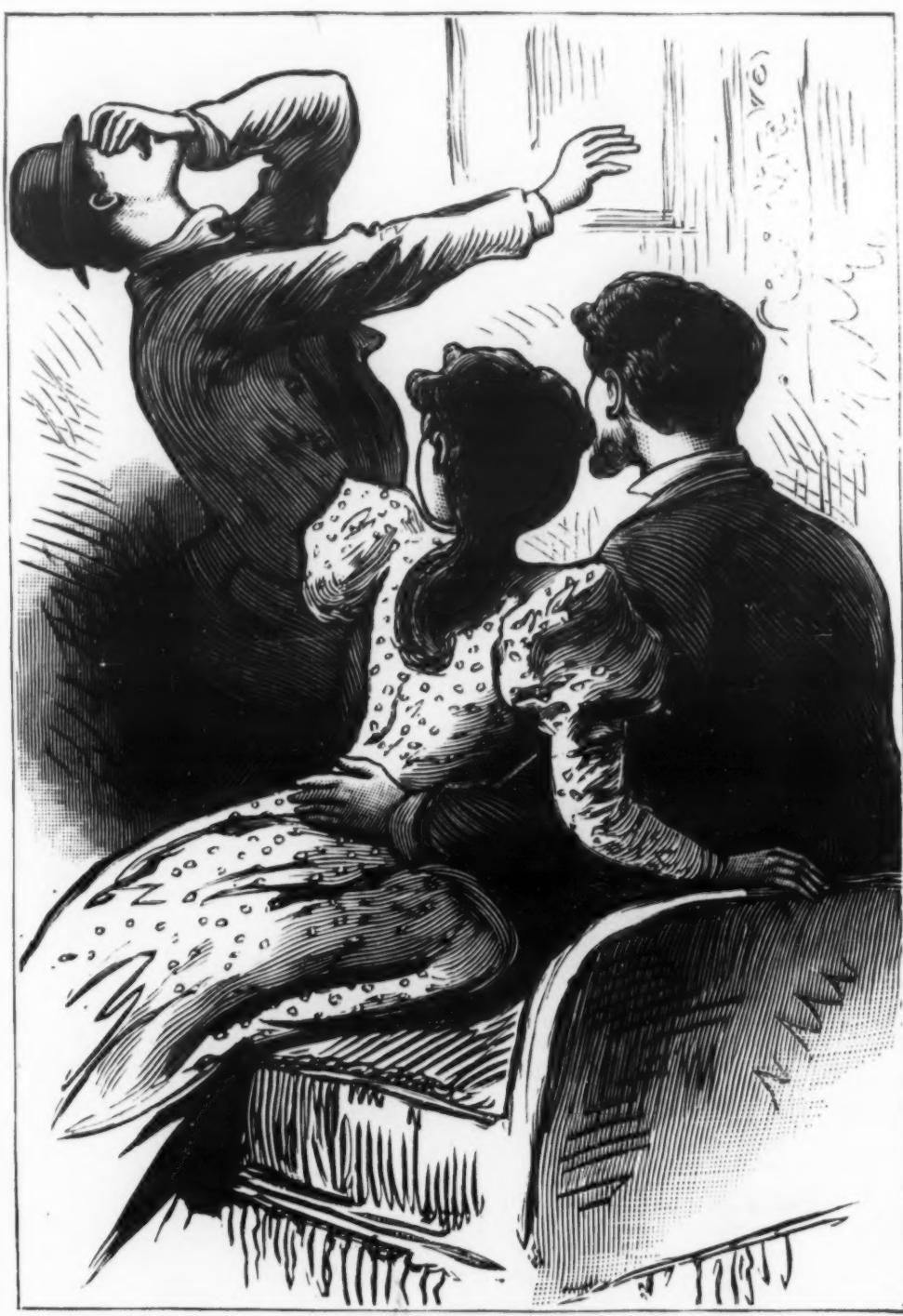
ADRIENNE LARIVE AND KITTIE CONNORS.

A PRETTY SINGER OF FRENCH DITTIES AND A CHARMING BURLESQUER WHO APPEARS IN "1492."



SHOT DOWN IN HIS OFFICE.

WILLIAM H. BRIGHT, AN OIL OPERATOR IN BUFFALO, N. Y., IS KILLED BY A DISCHARGED EMPLOYEE WHILE SITTING AT HIS DESK.



AN UNFAITHFUL SPOUSE.

GEO. ZIMMERMAN TRIED TO REFORM HER, BUT FOUND HER IN ANOTHER'S ARMS AND COMMITTED SUICIDE, AT LEXINGTON, KY.



SPANKED HIS DAUGHTER

BUT SHE GOT MARRIED AND FARMER HEGEMAN, OF NORTHPORT, L. I., WAS OBLIGED TO CEASE.

HER LEG IS HER FORTUNE.

Grace Matson's Limbs Made a Sensation In the Studios.

DECLARED TO BE PERFECT.

The Artists of Paris Raved Over Them and Begged Her Forittings.

SHE IS A PRETTY BROOKLYNITE.

Grace Matson is a young American girl who has had fame thrust upon her by her leg. Parisian authorities on legs agree that hers are the shapeliest legs ever seen in that gay capital. Miss Matson kindly chatted the other day with a reporter about her legs:

"Yes, it is true I am the young lady who acquired the entirely unsought fame in Paris as having the most perfectly formed limb in that city," she began. "The celebrity never profited me in any way excepting to bring me an embarrassing quantity of mail, which has followed me even to my home here in America, just as you have. Oh, yes, it brought me one novelty—a lawsuit, the only one I ever had in my life, the lawsuit you say you have seen mentioned in the papers."

Miss Matson was a dream of summer loveliness in white lawn as she sat in her home in Brooklyn. Her voice is soft and persuasive, her blond hair rises in a pyramid of fluffy curls truly Parisian. Her arms partially displayed by her summer dress are the whitest, most shapely an artist could wish, her gown in Empire pattern slightly exaggerates, perhaps, her natural plumpness, and the neck is just sufficiently exposed to display a perfectly modeled throat. She is modest in the reluctance with which she tells of the unusual publicity that has been forced upon her. She is a lady of education, has travelled, and speaks French with fluency and a charming accent, perfected during her three years in Paris.

"It was entirely by chance that I permitted an artist to copy my limbs for art work," she went on. "It began by the request of an acquaintance to use my arm in a picture he was painting for the Salon. He said my arm was perfect in its shape, and bluntly offered me 10 francs an hour to sit in his studio for him. I accepted the offer quite as blithely as he made it, and as he idealized my beauty somewhat, and artists noticed it, I very soon had opportunities for sitting for others, and during six months I was kept busy holding my arm in all sorts of positions, and for all sorts of pictures. I think I figured in a very liberal proportion of the paintings shown this year in both the regular Salon and the Salon du Champs de Mars.

"One day a certain artist, for whom I sat, asked me if I would be willing to pose for the leg, and said if it was shaped as well as my arm that he would pay me liberally. I at first objected, but finally decided to do as he wished. When he saw my leg he pretended to be enthusiastic over it, and declared it was much nearer the mark of perfection than my arm. Thus, gradually, I posed for the leg, and soon found myself in increased demand, receiving 20 francs per hour for every sitting.

"The reason of my lawsuit was that an artist asked to make a cast of my leg, under the plea that he was desirous of finishing a Salon picture, and as my engagements made it impossible for me to give him the time he required, he feared he would not be able to complete his painting in season, but he could work from the cast without interruption. Well, he paid me considerable money, and I felt generously disposed and agreed to his request.

"He made the cast and then never paid me another sou; he used the plaster altogether. Even this I would not have resented, and would have borne the loss of his patronage quietly, but he pretty soon began to loan the cast to others, and in that way interfered with my income. So, finally, I figured up exactly how much I had lost by his action, and found it to be 800 francs. I sued him for that amount and got the money. The cast was destroyed, also, by order of the Court.

"During the trial of this suit several artists testified that I had the most perfectly shaped arm and leg they had ever seen on a woman.

"This may be so in Europe, but I am certain it would not have been their experience in the United States. The Parisian woman, generally speaking, has a shapely white arm, graceful in contour and swelling in artistic curves from a small wrist, but the average Parisian woman has a very inartistic leg; it is only in rare instances that her leg is even presentable, from an artistic standpoint.

"In the case of the English woman the rule is both homely arm and leg. This has no relation to the size of the woman, either. They are large-boned and have ample flesh, but it seems to be put on in a most grotesque manner. There is usually a bunch of flesh at the shoulder, another at the elbow, and between these a straight mass of shapeless bone and skin, terminating in a very red, very large hand. The leg is built upon the same plan, a long ankle, perfectly straight, extending 6 inches above the shoe, and then a bunch of fat.

"Something over a year ago it became quite a fad in

London for ladies to have silk stockings made specially for them, often with ornaments designed by themselves. Of course I was fascinated with the idea myself, and, becoming acquainted with the woman who received the orders, I occasionally looked over her book, which contained some of the best-known names in England, and the measurements for their stockings. I was interested in the subject, and I made some memoranda.

"Lady Londonderry's ankle measures 8½ inches, and the calf 11 inches. The Duchess of Leinster's ankle measures 9 inches and the calf 10 inches. Lady Brooke, who is now Countess of Warwick, has an ankle 9 inches and a calf 12 inches around. Lady Alexander, who figured so conspicuously recently in a divorce case, has an exceptionally large calf—12½ inches, with an ankle of 8½ inches. Lady Colin Campbell's calf is 11 inches. Every one of these women wear a No. 5 shoe, or larger.

"Lady's Churchill's ankle is 9 inches and her calf is 13½ inches. The Duchess of Marlborough's calf is 14 inches, and the Empress of Germany's is the same. Princess Dolgorouki's is 13½. Baroness Blanc's is 12 inches. All these ladies wear a No. 4 shoe.

"There were the names of two American ladies in the book that I recognized. One was the wife of a well-known theatrical manager, and the other an equally well-known literary woman. Their limbs were 14 and 15 inches at the calf.

"You ask my measurement in inches. Well, my ankle is 8½ inches, and the calf of my leg is 14½ inches. My wrist is 6 inches, my forearm just below the elbow is 10 inches, and the arm just above the elbow is 13 inches, and I wear a No. 3 shoe.

"The average size of the English woman's leg at the calf is about 11 inches; of the French it is about 12, and this is certainly a liberal figure at which to put it, while neither very often attains a shape that may be called beautiful. Yet if there is a choice it certainly is in favor of the French. To any one who doubts this



ARTISTS RAVED OVER HER.

I would suggest a little observation, such as is open to the general public.

"Visit a London theatre or go to the Savoy Hotel at dinner time. The ladies in both places are in full dress, low necks, short sleeves. There is the most frightful display of scrawny necks, sharp shoulder blades, protruding so far as to make a horribly defined depression between them, prominent bone in the throat, square shoulders, pointed elbows with a little crimson spot on the extreme end, a big obtrusive bone on the back of the wrist and then those awful red hands.

"How different to this is a gathering of American ladies similarly dressed; there you find necks well covered with flesh, no unseemly bones intruding upon the sight and causing one to wonder why in the world women uncover such forbidding objects. There is little of that sort of thing to be met in an American gathering. As a rule when an American woman consents to appear in full dress she presents an artistic sight. So far as her physique is concerned, that cannot be surpassed in the entire world, and right here in Brooklyn, where I was born and brought up, I think we have examples of some of the finest women on earth.

"If you have never noticed it, the fact is worth knowing, that a woman's neck is generally an indication of her leg, being within a fraction of an inch of the same circumference."

George Dixon has replied to the challenge of Fred Johnson of England, for another fight. The colored champion says that Johnson will have to put up a good-sized stake or he will refuse to meet him again.

Rich and Racy! A PURSUIT OF PLEASURE. No. 18, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris, illustrated with 93 rare and beautiful drawings. Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50 cents. Sent to any address by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

CORBETT'S CORDIAL WELCOME

He Tells the "Police Gazette" of His Plans For the Future.

VERY ANXIOUS TO FIGHT JACKSON.

James J. Corbett, the champion pugilist, who arrived in New York last week, talks most entertainingly of his trip abroad. Captain James Moorehead, the manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, and William A. Brady, Corbett's clever manager, were allowed to board the Majestic at Quarantine. To the former, Corbett expressed himself at length:

"Yes, it is true that I have had a most enjoyable three months abroad.

"I was well received wherever I went and made many friends among our English cousins.

"But that is now a matter of history. What I am interested now in is the future. I came back to this country for the express purpose of meeting Peter Jackson. I will remain in this city until Aug. 14, and if Jackson wants to fight he has only to appear here.

"I will see him at the POLICE GAZETTE office whenever he comes, and within five minutes the whole thing can be settled.

"It has been said that I was willing to meet Jackson

"Did you meet many prominent men in England?" "Oh, yes; I met the Duke of York one night in the dressing-room. We had a bottle—two, in fact, I think together and a little chat. He appeared to be a very sensible fellow. I also met the Duke of Teck and any quantity of lords. I was dined at nearly every club in London.

"By the way, my old sparring partner, John Donaldson, has retired because of old age. Steve O'Donnell, the Australian, will train me for the Jackson mill."

As to his future plans, Corbett said that he would remain in this city until Aug. 14. At that date he opens in Asbury Park in "Gentleman Jack." Next year he will have a new play.

Among those who escorted Corbett on the way to the city in the tugboat C. E. Everts was Fred W. Bert, Brady's American representative, and James Peacock his secretary; Peter Donelan, Sam Thall, Al Smith, Mark Thall, Barney Fagan, John Fox, Gus Levick, Fred Bert, George Welty, John Springer, Charles T. Vincent, Harry Elmer, Ross O'Neill, I. R. Stockwell, J. C. Farrell, H. Rosenberg, Frank Losee, Edward Cooke, Fred Meek, Frank Bixby, Alfred Bangs, J. Blizzardi, Joseph B. Grismer, Tim Murphy, George Waldron, John Fox and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

A PRETTY WATER-NYMPH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

She is the belle of bath No. 15. There is no fashion there, no convention, no striving for effect, but she stands out against a commonplace background, a picture rich in color, warmth and symmetry. Her eyes are glistening deeps of darkness, and her hair might be of the weft of the Egyptian night her forefathers knew so well.

Her nose is slightly aquiline, the nostrils delicate and sensitive. Her full, red lips could quicken a dead language into pulsing intelligence, make a prayer a love song, an anathema an endearment. Painters of Oriental subjects have immortalized her color on canvas, and caught the same grace of outline, the same languor and poetry.

For there is poetry even in a public bath, and No. 15, at the foot of Market street, New York city, is public. There are plenty of black-eyed girls less pretty than the belle, but still quite interesting in their democracy of dress. There are grey-eyed girls, too, who have not so much poetry about them, but bring the practical prose and pugnacity of Cherry Hill. Sometimes, too, there is a discord between Rebecca and Bridget, but these things are only mere incidents in bath No. 15.

The ironclad rule of conventionality may force the adoption of the universal black or navy blue bathing suits at fashionable resorts, but in the freedom of the public bath conventionality beats a confused and blushing retreat at the unique, original, abbreviated, bizarre and nondescript costumes whose oblivious wearers float, plunge and revel in the water. Every conceivable material from the thin gauze to heavy blanket flannel is pressed into service, no matter so long as the women can swim or dive.

"Show us how you can swim, Lena," cried the matron recently to a little girl who stood coyly balancing herself on the steps leading to the pool. There was a plunge, a twinkle of bare feet above the water and Lena's smiling face appeared on the other side.

AN UNFAITHFUL SPOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Zimmerman, the son of a highly respectable family, shot himself through the head recently in an upstairs room at the bagnio of Willie Deuner, at No. 42 McGowan street, in Lexington, Ky., under highly sensational circumstances. Zimmerman has been infatuated for some time with Sadie Quinn, a handsome girl of shady reputation, who formerly lived in Cincinnati, but who moved to Nicholasville several months ago. He has been the girl's lover since she located in this section, and so great was the love between them that Zimmerman persuaded the girl to give up her life of shame and marry him.

When the couple returned to Lexington, Ky., they went to the residence of Madame Deuner, with whom the Quinn girl was well acquainted. Zimmerman had arranged for his wife and himself to leave for Chicago, where they intended to locate, and, being among strangers, he hoped to reform the woman and make a good wife out of her. He was called down town about 5 o'clock one evening, and going back to the Deuner woman's house about 7 o'clock found her in the arms of another man. Poor Zimmerman was heartbroken, and without a word, walked upstairs and entered a room. He closed the door, and in a moment's time the report of a pistol was heard. A rush was made to the apartment, and it was found that he had shot himself through the head.

SPANKED HIS DAUGHTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some infringement of the household rules the other day, Farmer Joseph Hegeman of Northport, L. I., laid his eighteen-year old daughter Rosina across his knee and spanked her soundly. Then he sent her weeping to her room. Rosina didn't like this method of punishment, and told her lover, Charles Hessemann, who is employed in one of the village bakeries. She escaped from the house and she lost no time in getting to New York. On her return Papa Hegeman attempted to repeat the spanking. Just as he was about to begin operations in popped young Hessemann. He waved a marriage certificate under the nose of the old man and warned him to withhold his upraised hand.

Farmer Hegeman was amazed. The bride slipped off his knee and clung to her young husband. The farmer decided that it would not be well for him to repeat the spanking, and the young couple departed.

J. F. EMMERSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

J. F. Emmerson is a young theatrical agent of Manchester, Eng., who used to be located at Boston, Mass., and formerly traveled with Romaine and Rand's Minstrels. In his office he keeps the POLICE GAZETTE on file, where it is constantly read by visiting professionals. Mr. Emmerson's picture appears on page 12.

"One Good Turn." ETC., YOU ALL KNOW the rest. But you don't know of the many good turns in the Mangle Money Maker. Send for free and try it. Price, 35 cents and 60 cents. Sent by mail to your address by RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

WILES OF A FAIR SIREN.

The Story of a Pretty Actress and a Wealthy Young Man.

FANNY WARD THE CHARMER.

A Vivid Pen Picture of Gay Life in the Great Metropolis.

A LITTLE DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

Behind the arrest of Private Detective Joseph H. Deutsch, who is now on trial before United States Commissioner Shields for sending alleged threatening, scurrilous, blackmailing letters to Vice-Commodore Edward M. Brown, the well-known broker, of No. 25 State street, in New York city, there is a wealth of romance, cupidty, alleged crime and deceit on one side, and sorrow, disgrace, shattered fortune and repentance on the other.

The story as told reveals the secrets of the rapid life that susceptible young New Yorkers are sometimes induced to lead by comely sirens who adopt the stage as a profession, and take particular pains to ensnare victims by making a liberal display of their physical charms, clothed only in silken tights.

The principal actors in this little drama, the plot of which has just been revealed, are Clarence Eugene Brown, Commodore Brown's only son, and Fannie Ward, the sprightly, pretty little actress, who will be remembered by New Yorkers for her handsome face and form, and the clever work she did in the Casino in Dixey's companies.

There are several other characters in this domestic drama, one of whom is the well-known actress, Nina Farrington; another one is Mrs. John Buchanan, the mother of little Fannie Ward.

The elder Brown is the vice-commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and a prominent member of the Atlantic and Larchmont Yacht Clubs, the Union League, the Union, the Players and the St. Nicholas.

His handsome city residence is at No. 45 West Forty-sixth street. Mrs. Brown and her daughters are in Europe at present.

The son, Clarence, is thirty-two years of age. He is a well-built, medium-sized young man, with a light-brown mustache, a long, prominent nose and a retreating forehead and chin.

Miss Ward, who is now twenty-one years of age, is in Europe. Her complaisant mamma mysteriously disappeared a short time after the arrest of Private Detective Deutsch.

It was on the evening of Dec. 1, 1891, that Clarence first made the acquaintance of the young actress. She and Miss Farrington were at that time playing at the Academy of Music in "Cinderella." Miss Farrington took the part of the Duke in that extravaganza.

Young Brown was accompanied that evening to the stage door by a friend of Miss Farrington's, who is only known as "Ed." He it was who introduced the susceptible young Brown to the giddy actresses.

From the theatre they drove to Parker's restaurant, at Thirty-third street and Broadway, where an elaborate supper had been ordered beforehand by the thoughtful Mr. Brown. Wine flowed like water, and when the jovial party broke up, in the early hours of the morning, every one was in a highly exhilarated condition. It was while that supper was in progress that young Brown, who during the evening had been nicknamed "The Duke" by Miss Farrington, fell head over ears in love with the beautiful Miss Ward.

At that time the two girls were living in a cosy flat, at the corner of Columbus avenue and Ninety-second street. Fannie's mother, Mrs. Buchanan, lived with them.

"The Duke" did not let the grass grow under his feet. He was an ardent, impetuous lover, who made hay while the sun shone. The afternoon after the memorable Parker supper Miss Ward, while at rehearsal, received an enormous bouquet from her love-sick "Duke," together with an invitation to attend a benefit performance at the Broadway Theatre that evening. Miss Farrington and her friend "Ed" were included in the invitation. A lively supper in "Ed's" bachelor apartments on Fifth avenue followed the theatre.

After the gay entertainment there "Duke" Clarence was a frequent caller at the Ward-Farrington flat. Mrs. Buchanan paid but little attention to these frequent calls, nor did she question her daughter's purpose when she gave her love-lorn "Duke" a latchkey.

Young Brown footed all the bills, which were by no means small, and gave the fair Fannie a handsome allowance of pin money.

In the meantime Miss Farrington had taken a flat of her own at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue. In this apartment many gay revels were held, in which Miss Ward and her adorer participated.

It was after one of these revels that "Duke" Clarence was guilty of an act of indiscretion which he has now every reason to regret. He went to the Oriental Hotel in a somewhat maudlin condition with Miss Ward and registered there as "Clarence E. Brown and wife."

This act of registration was to be used later, as will be seen, by Miss Ward to aid her in carrying out her scheme to obtain money from the young man's father.

The "Duke" was ostensibly living with his family all this time. He was a partner in his father's State street business. He had been making such heavy drafts on the office for some time before that his father finally went to him and asked him how he was spending all his money. Clarence set all his doubts at rest for the time being by explaining that he got mixed up in some unfortunate speculations in Wall street. He was now, however, rapidly approaching that stage of bankruptcy which made it necessary for him to borrow from his

friends. With this state of financial embarrassment came a waning of his loved one's affections. The "Duke's" suspicions as to her faithfulness were now thoroughly aroused, and it was then that he employed the private detective, Deutsch, to shadow her.

It was on Sunday afternoon not many months ago that the final split between the two came about. Fannie sent her Clarence away from her. She told him that she never wanted to see his face again, and that if he communicated with her his notes would be returned unopened.

Clarence wrote, and Fannie showed that she had indulged in no idle bluff, for she sent all his letters, with one exception, back to him. This exception was a brief note written in May last, in which he explained that he had made a full confession of everything to his father, and that the paternal relative had ordered him to take a long trip.

About half an hour before he took the train for San Francisco he received this curt note from the fair Fannie: "When are you going to send that money you promised me?"

When Miss Ward and her mother realized that the "Duke" was no longer under their influence they went to Commodore Brown and tried to get a hearing. He refused to listen to them, and referred them to his counsel, Mr. John H. Bird, of No. 279 Broadway.

In the meantime Miss Ward bombarded the Commodore with a number of threatening letters, in one of which she declared that she would kill his son if she did not hear from him in three days. When the Commodore received this letter he turned it over to Mr. Bird. When the two women called on the latter, a few days later, he denounced them as blackmailers, and said that neither Commodore Brown nor his son would have anything more to do with them.

It was after this denunciation that Miss Ward put her complaint in the hands of two well-known criminal lawyers. Mr. Bird consulted with them and afterward laid the entire matter before District-Attorney Fellows and Supt. Byrnes. Col. Fellows strongly advised the arrest of the two women and their presentment to the Grand Jury on charges of blackmail.

This matter was under consideration when the threatening letter alleged to have been written by Deutsch was received, on June 6 last. This letter, which was signed "Yokel Yahoe," threatened death unless money was paid by July 1.

A reporter called at Commodore Brown's house, on Forty-sixth street recently. The bell was answered by the housekeeper, who has been with the family for a number of years. She said that

originally about this yarn which held attention for several days. People seriously discussed it, and nervous ladies shuddered as they thought of the harrowing particulars.

Scores of people even now will recall the startling narrative which these three ingenious ladies of the stage related to the newspaper reporters on the first of December, 1891, and which appeared under a blare of headlines in the issues of the following day. It was that sagacious Roman matron, Buchanan, who furnished the alarming incidents to the reporters. The nerve-shattered Farrington and Ward could only shiver confirmation as each detail of the accomplishment of the daring villain's hellish designs was unfolded. The story was this:

The three women, after the play at the Academy of Music on the night of the 30th of November, 1891, had gone to the Columbia Restaurant in Union Square for a late supper. After supper they took a night-hawk cab for their home at Columbus avenue and Ninety-second street. While passing up Sixth avenue they noticed a man jump up on the box beside the driver, but gave the episode no particular attention. After driving a long distance, the women being engaged in conversation at the time and not heeding where they

mentioned in passing that the three women asserted that the loss to them in money and jewels was upward of \$10,000.

Handsome cabinet portraits of Fanny Ward and Nina Farrington can be obtained at this office. They are sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents.

KILLED BY A WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. M. A. Hartly shot and killed State Senator M. D. Foley at Reno, Nev., recently. The cause of the shooting is not known. Mrs. Hartly is an artist, and the shooting occurred in her rooms in the Bank of Nevada Building. Foley was shot in the stomach and died in half an hour. Mrs. Hartly was arrested. The affair caused the greatest excitement as Foley was one of the most prominent men in the State, having occupied a conspicuous place in politics and having been president of the Bank of Nevada.

Mrs. Hartly, when asked to make a statement, said she had nothing to say except that she had shot Senator Foley and intended to do it. She had known Foley since last October. Mrs. Hartly is a widow. Dr. Phillips, in whose office Foley died, said he heard two shots.

He stepped to his office door and saw Foley at the head of the stairs. Foley waved his hand at Mrs. Hartly and ordered her back. Then he walked into the office, announcing that he had been shot, and became unconscious, dying twenty minutes after.

SHOP GIRLS BEFORE THE CAMERA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

People who have leisure, and who are fond of looking in shop windows, should not fail to stroll along Eighth avenue, the Bowery, or Third avenue, New York city, some pleasant afternoon and look at the pictures of factory girls, shop girls, cigarette hands, and other female suffragists of the extreme East and West sides of the town who get themselves photographed in tights. Nothing more utterly incongruous and absurd has ever been evolved from the inner consciousness of the cartoonists than these photographs.

Nearly all of the cheaper photographers have a pair of tights and trunks, with a modest bodice, or regulation ballet suit, and this is known to the young woman who has an aspiration to pose before the camera in a dashing style of attire. But unfortunately, the photographers do not supply slippers, and these important details of the ballet girl's costume are either omitted altogether, or else the young woman who poses wears her street boots. This latter custom is the most popular one, and photographs of young women in ballet costume are exhibited showing a large pair of button gaiters, very much run down at the heel, and often with a patch over the little toe. In the majority of instances it has been impossible for the young woman to fasten more than three or four of the buttons, as the tights are of cotton and very much thicker than the hose they usually wear.

C. A. SAMPSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

C. A. Sampson, one of the strongest men in the world, is pictured on another page in the act of supporting the famous "Police Gazette" Ferris Wheel. It is an exact reproduction of the large wheel that excited so much comment at the World's Fair. It measures 36 feet in circumference and weighs 4,000 pounds. There are twenty coaches in the wheel, and it is brilliantly illuminated with sixty electric lights. When the wheel is balanced on Sampson's herculean chest the motor is started and the wheel revolves with the lights all burning, which gives it a decidedly picturesque effect.

HELD CAPTIVE BY A REJECTED LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dolly Jones, of Laura Furnace, Trigg County, Ky., arranged to elope with her lover, Joseph Colston, naming a time. Cassius Hicks, a rival, overheard the arrangement, and on the night appointed with the aid of a confederate decoyed Miss Jones to his own buggy, and forcing her to enter drove her to the house of a friend, where for ten days she was kept a prisoner, each day refusing Hicks' proposals of marriage. Meantime notice was conveyed to her father, who hastened with an armed posse to release his daughter. Her captors ignominiously fled, and now Miss Jones is to marry Colston without an elopement.

ADRIENNE LARIVE AND KITTIE CONNORS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Two very charming women appear on our theatrical page this week. Adrienne Larive is a *chanteuse excentrique* of great merit, who is now appearing at the Madison Square Roof Garden. She is unusually gifted, and dances as well as she sings. Her success was such in Paris that she remained over two years at one of the *cafe concerts*.

Kittie Connors is one of the shapely girls in Rice's "1492," who appears as one of the living pictures. She is very bright and clever.

COLLIE RICHARDSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Collie Richardson, whose portrait appears on another page, claims to be the champion high jumper and diver of the world. He is a good athlete and has given numerous proofs of his ability in that line.

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THE FAIR CHARMER.

Commodore Brown was off sailing on the yacht, the Shearwater, and that he would not return until some time that night. The son, Clarence, had also gone out of the city to spend the day with some friends. The housekeeper did not know where he was nor when he would return. When asked about the story, she said, with a smile:

"Yes, it is true. We have known of it for some time. It is most unfortunate that it has gained publicity."

Lawyer Bird could not be found, but a mutual friend of his and of the Browns said that the facts as above set forth were correct in every detail. He did not wish his name mentioned in connection with the scandal.

"Clarence made a fool of himself," he said, "but I think that he is now thoroughly cured of his infatuation. He certainly has seen enough to cause the scales to drop from his eyes."

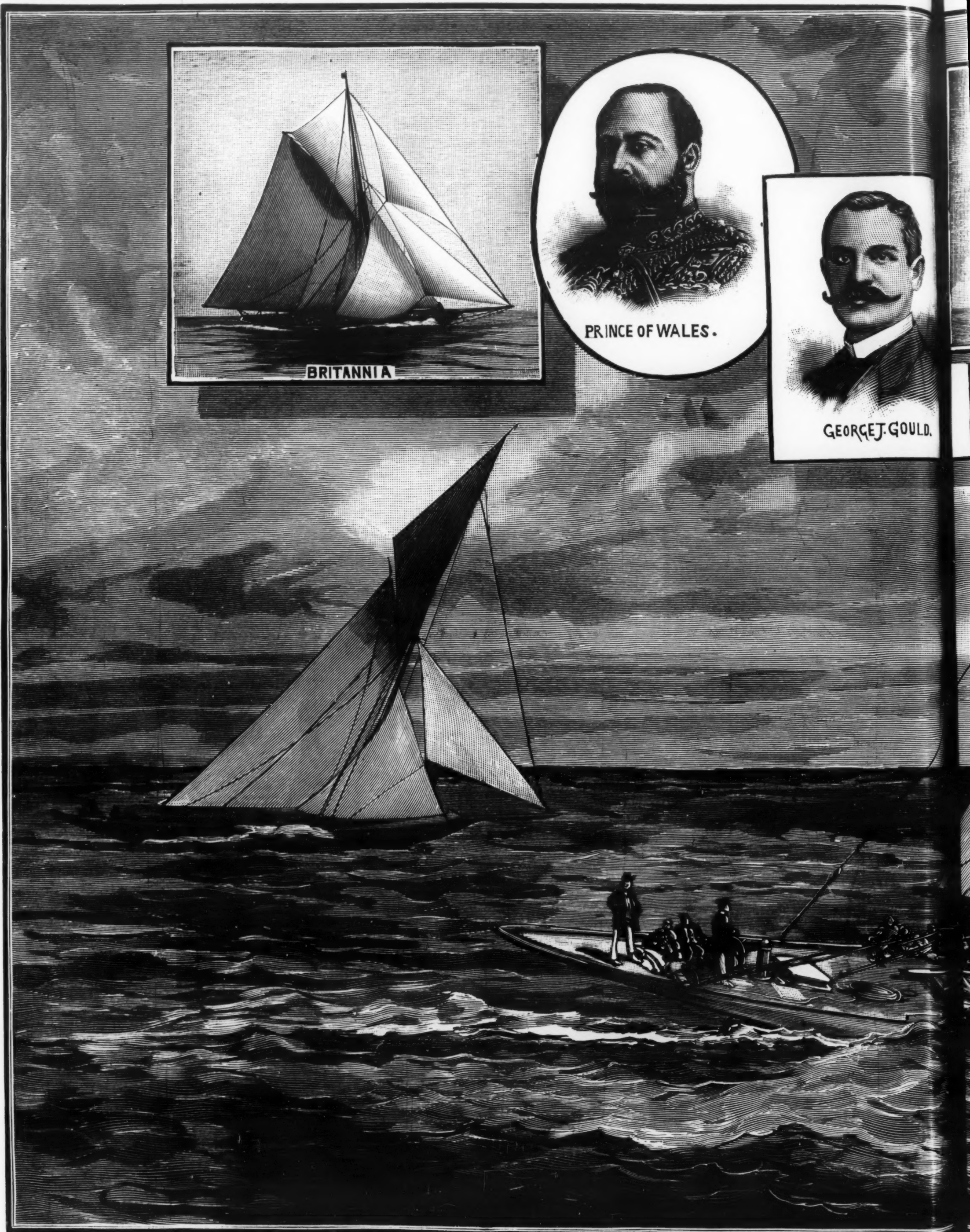
At the time Clarence Brown made the acquaintance of Fannie Ward that young person, her mother and the charming Farrington were the heroines of a sensation with which the town was ringing. They had just come to the front with a very astounding diamond robbery story. The misfortunes of actresses in this direction usually are coldly received. But there was a dash and

were being driven, the cab suddenly stopped. The door was flung open by the man who had mounted the box in Sixth avenue. Pointing a revolver into the cab, he commanded the frightened women to surrender their valuables. Then the driver took a hand. Fannie Ward was dragged from the cab and fell on her knees, and while in that posture the diamond rings were torn from her ears and fingers and the pin from her throat. Nina Farrington was subjected to similar usage. The respectable Buchanan related that after paying the bill at the restaurant she mechanically had held a roll of \$200 in her hand. This the monster took from her, stripped her likewise of her costly jewels and then irreverently tumbled her into the ditch, where she lay in a state of coma, while the villains drove rapidly away in the cab, laughing a low, fiendish, cynical laugh as they drove.

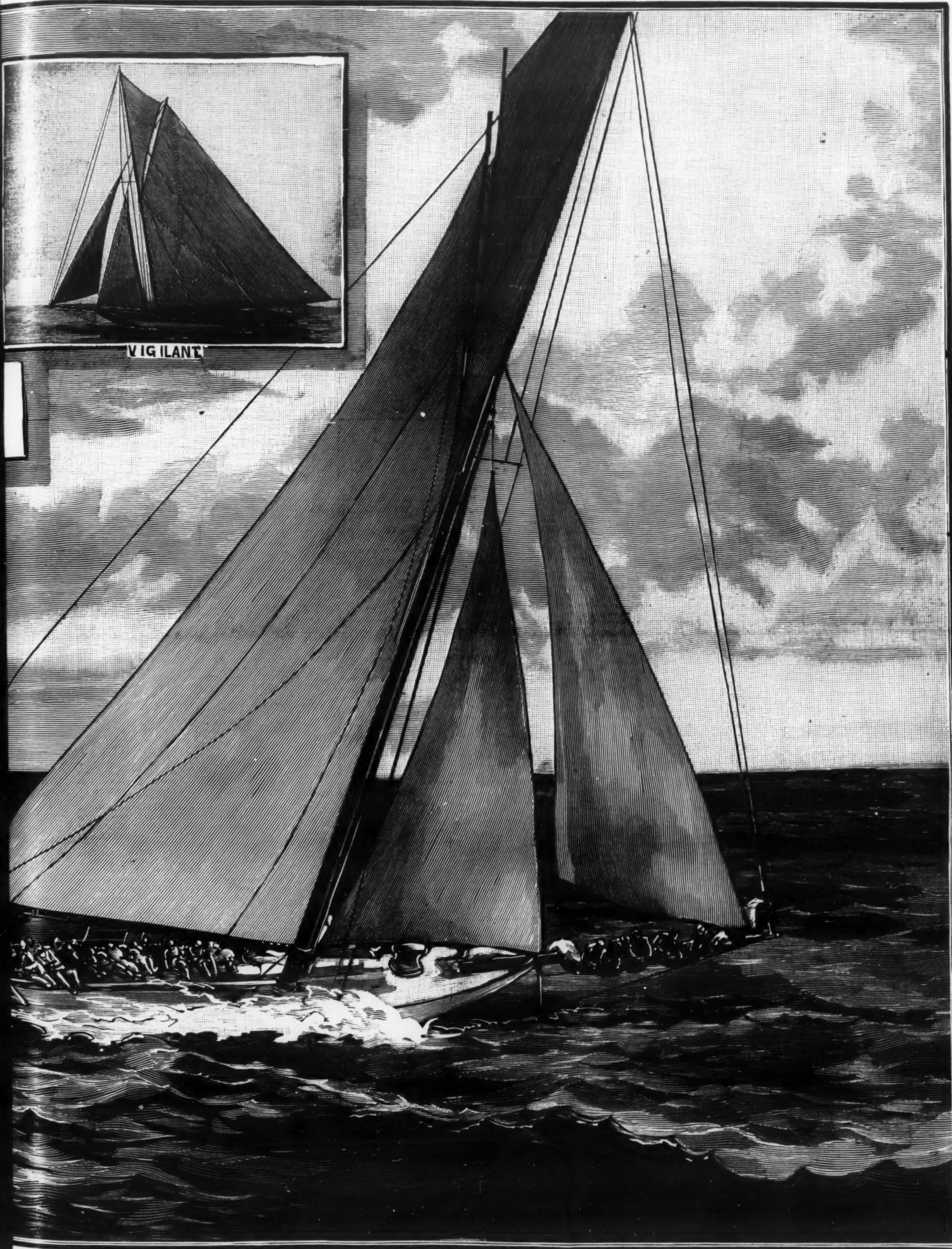
It was several days before this remarkable narrative impressed the people of New York from its humorous standpoint, notwithstanding the fact that Superintendent Byrnes gravely proposed that the cruelly wronged women should sit in a commanding place, that they might inspect the eleven thousand cabs and cab-drivers of New York; which he would cause to pass in review before them, in order that they might see their own particular villain, and then and there command him to come off his perch on the box. Like many other robbers of actresses' diamonds, the Ward-Farrington-Buchanan brigands apparently have melted into thin air. It is of no particular consequence, but it might be

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THE VIGILANT
GEORGE GOULD'S AMERICAN SLOOP, ON AUGUST 4, DEFEATS THE PRINCE OF WALES, BY 4 MINUTES



LAN VICTORIOUS.

PRINCE OF WALES' FAST CUTTER IN THE FIFTY-MILE MATCH RACE OFF COWES,
FINISHED IN 29 SECONDS, CORRECTED TIME.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

Corbett Does Not Believe that Jackson is Sincere.

DAVIES' SINGULAR REQUEST.

The Olympic Club Offers a \$25,000 Purse for the Corbett-Jackson Fight.

BRIEF NEWS OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE

William A. Schell, the genial president of the Olympic Club, New Orleans, arrived in New York on Aug. 2. He called at the Police Gazette office, and stated that the Olympic Club would give a purse of \$25,000 for Corbett and Jackson to fight for. "I think," said Mr. Schell, "that if Jackson can only be induced to fight in the Crescent City that Corbett will agree to do so. The Olympic Club has always filled its obligations with every boxer it has done business with. It was the Olympic Club that gave the \$25,000 for Corbett and Sullivan to box for, and the purse was promptly paid, and both men received fair play. If Jackson would agree to meet Corbett in New Orleans that club would see that he received fair play. It guaranteed fair play to George Dixon when he fought Jack Skelly, and Dixon won, and no one insulted him or interfered with him, and I am sure he would agree to fight again under the auspices of the Olympic Club. Boxing contests have been legalized by the Legislature, and it cost our club nearly \$5,000 having the matter tested in the courts. We intend to reimburse ourselves by a series of big contests, and we shall, as heretofore, give liberal purses. The amounts will be governed by the class and standing of the pugilists we will engage. I expect to remain in New York about a week. Boxing has been legalized at New Orleans, and we can hold the mill without any interference from the authorities. I will wait until I see Peter Jackson and have a talk with him about fighting Corbett in the South. It is a question whether Peter will fight there, but we are going to try and secure him. I had a talk with Brady, Corbett's manager, and he said he was willing to have his man fight at New Orleans if the purse was large enough. From what I have heard, Jackson is on his way to New York from San Francisco."

On Aug. 3 Mr. Schell was introduced to Wm. A. Brady, by Capt. Moorhead, the Manager of the Police Gazette. In the conversation that ensued Mr. Schell stated that his club would give a guaranteed purse of \$25,000 for the Corbett-Jackson contest. Mr. Brady said, in reply, that he could not do anything in the matter until the arrival of Jackson when they would all meet in the Police Gazette office to arrange a match.

Parson Davies says that if Jim Corbett wants to fight Peter Jackson he must go to Chicago to make arrangements. This is the first time since Corbett's return from Europe that Davies has declared. Corbett says that he will not go to the Windy City; that Davies or Jackson must come to New York and talk fight here. Thus the matter stands, and the situation will probably remain unchanged until one side or the other gives in.

Davies sent the following dispatch from Chicago to the Police Gazette Aug. 3.

"The \$20,000 stake money for the Corbett and Jackson match being deposited here, this is the proper place for Corbett to come."

Corbett was at once notified that a message had been received from Davies, and he hurried to the Police Gazette office. After he had finished the message he ground his teeth and smiled sardoniously. Finally he said:

"Just as I expected. It's a deliberate flunk and a crawl out of a tight hole. Well, I knew it would come sooner or later. Now I'm sure the public will form an opinion of Jackson." The champion then called for a pen and sat down and wired Davies the appended reply:

"I tried to make them believe in Europe that Jackson was bluffing, but they would not have it. So I quickly shortened my engagements abroad and came 3,000 miles to prove he was bluffing. Your dispatch this morning is all right, for it verifies my statement. I will be in New York another week. Now, if you are on the level come here and make your numerous boasts good."

"There," observed the champion, evidently much relieved, "that ought to make him come to his senses. Perhaps he will make up his mind and come to New York."

"Now what do you think of it, anyway?" continued Corbett. "Doesn't it give you an attack of nausea? I knew it would end in this manner. Davies and Jackson's silence made me guess, but I really never thought Jackson would flunk in this unmanly manner. It is practically an admission that he doesn't want to fight. I thought that I would meet him at the dock when I got here. But he was many miles away, probably laughing to himself and saying what a chump I was to come over and be fooled. Why isn't New York as good a place as Chicago to make the match? Jackson has always received fair play here, and I guess the public will not turn from this rule at the present stage of the game."

"He knows right well that I have no time to go to Chicago and see him. My presence is demanded in New York. I am engaging my company for the coming season, and all my time is taken up. It strikes me that there is something in the wind, and that Davies' action means more than it looks on the face of it. Can it be that Jackson is taking this means of wriggling out of the match? I hope not, for my whole ambition is centered in meeting him. Why do I object to Chicago? Simply because I don't think we could settle the matter any better there than we could here. I have the right, as a champion, to dictate where I will and will not go, haven't I? Under no circumstances will I go to Chicago and see Davies. He must come here or not at all. This is my ultimatum."

The following dispatch was received at the Police Gazette office from Peter Jackson:

SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 4, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—I will leave for New York Tuesday, and will meet James J. Corbett on my arrival at the Police Gazette office to settle the preliminaries for a contest for the championship.

PETER JACKSON.

After Corbett was shown the dispatch he said: "Well, I am glad Jackson is coming on. It will be the means of bringing about a match all the quicker."

Bennett, the ex-catcher of the Boston baseball team, who had both legs cut off by a railroad train some time ago, is to have a benefit Aug. 27. The Boston team is to play against a picked nine. Champion James J. Corbett, on being asked by Capt. Nash, of the Boston team, has volunteered to play second base against the champions. This will be the first time that Corbett has appeared on a baseball diamond in the East. He is said to be an excellent all-around player.

Denny Butler will train Ahearn for his battle with Geo. Reynolds.

John L. Sullivan now weighs 230 pounds. He is living in Boston and enjoying himself.

Kid Lavigne, of Baginaw, is coming to New York to see if he can induce Young Griggs or Eddie Pierce to fight him.

The Olympic Club of New Orleans made only \$9,038 last year. Its expenses were \$15,064, which includes \$4,485 that was paid attorneys.

Dick Burge, the pugilist, is rapidly recovering from the effects of his recent illness. Burge announces that as soon as he is himself he will fight any man in the world at the welterweight limit.

Billy Smith is not satisfied with the result of his bout with Tommy Ryan, and he has challenged Ryan to box to a finish for \$5,000 a side.

Jack Grace, the boxer, writes to the "Police Gazette" from Chicago that he will fight any 126 or 128-pound man in America for a purse or stake.

Bob Allen is looking for a match with Bob Green. Allen says he has defeated Green once, and has \$250 ready to bet Green that he can do it again.

Should no match be arranged between Charley Gehring and Peter Daly, of Wilmington, Gehring will be matched to fight Horace Lewis for \$1,000 a side at 133 pounds.

John Glenn and Frank White, of Wilmington, featherweights, have signed to box ten rounds, in private, at 108 pounds, for a purse of \$150 offered by two local sporting men.

Dick Moore, the Boston welterweight, and Pat Powers, of St. John, N. B., have been matched to fight to a finish for a purse and stake. The battle will take place in St. John the latter part of this month.

Barney Bennett, of Harlem, has accepted the challenge issued by Tony Moran to fight at 125 pounds for \$250 a side and a purse, and will meet Moran and his backer any day he names to sign articles.

In England a match has been made, and \$100 a side deposited, between G. Corfield and Alfred Gower to box at Sheffield, on Sept. 10, for £50 a side, with 4-ounce gloves, neither man to exceed 7 stone 12 pounds.

If Tom O'Rourke cannot induce the National Sporting Club to put up a purse large enough for Harry Nickless and Joe Walcott to fight for, O'Rourke will match Walcott to fight Tommy Ryan for the welterweight championship of America.

Recently, at Philadelphia, Walter Edgerton and George Holland fought. In the sixth round the Ruschell let himself out, but his leads were all wild swings, few of which did any harm, and many of them were cleverly countered by Holland.

O'Rourke would just as lief match Joe Walcott to fight Dick Burge as Harry Nickless. He could win more money by fighting Burge and gain more credit by whipping the Newcastle boxer than defeating Nickless, for Burge is the 140-pound champion of England.

George Dawson, the Australian welterweight, who is now boxing instructor at the Chicago A. C., has challenged Tommy Ryan to box for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side and a purse not less than \$5,000. A wealthy Chicago Board of Trade man is finding the money for Dawson.

Mike Haley called at the "Police Gazette" office last week to ascertain if Thomas O'Rourke, George Dixon's backer, had covered the \$500 posted for Jerry Marshall to fight George Dixon at 120 pounds for \$2,500, the "Police Gazette" belt, and the featherweight championship of the world.

Frank Allen and Jim Barron, the Australian pugilist, fought a twenty-round draw in the arena of the Imperial Club at Colons, San Francisco, Cal., on July 27. Both men hurt their hands and wrists badly. The fight, which was for a purse of \$75, was considered somewhat spiritless by the spectators.

Peter Maher says: "I have nothing to say in regard to who I shall fight or not fight. I leave my backer to select the men he wants me to meet, and I don't object to fight any one that he is willing for me to meet. He puts up the money, and I do the fighting part. Should my backer put me against the biggest man in the world I should be at the scratch."

Tom O'Rourke, the backer and manager of Joe Walcott, has accepted the challenge of Harry Nickless, of England, to box Walcott for \$2,500 a side and a purse. As soon as O'Rourke gets word from England that the match is made he will start with Walcott and champion George Dixon. Manager O'Rourke also expects to get on a match between Dixon and George Johnson, to take place in England.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Gallup, N. M., says: The long talked of fight between Teddy Costello, better known as "The Mick," and John Butler, the terrible Dutchman, came off in the Academy of Music. Both being barbers a large crowd gathered to witness the fight. P. Laven acted as master of ceremonies and after 78 rounds of hard fighting, "Police Gazette" rules, Costello was declared the winner, very little money changed hands. The purse was something like two hundred and fifty dollars.

At Ogden recently Jim Williams met more than his match when he faced Henry Peppers of California in the ring. The fight was a clever one from start to finish. It required the six rounds to demonstrate the abilities of both men, but in the sixth Williams met his Waterloo. By a lightning blow from Pepper's long right on the point of the jaw, Utah's champion was knocked flat upon the floor. Had the California man followed up his advantage when Williams rose slowly upon his feet, the call of time which came an instant later would not have saved the Utah strong boy from a complete knockout.

Tommy Kelly, of Harlem, and Kid Gleason fought on Aug. 2, near New York, for a purse of \$150 and an outside bet, at catch weights. Young Ryan and Jack Skelly, of Harlem, looked after Gleason, while Kelly's handlers were Dan Mehan and Marty Doyle. Mike O'Rourke kept time and officiated as referee. Kelly put up a game fight and looked like a winner. In the sixth round he collided with Gleason and the two fell to the ground. Kelly hit upon his forehead and was knocked out, but was allowed to finish the contest after a little rest. In the eighth round Kelly had to give up the struggle from sheer exhaustion.

Prof. Mike Donovan has not made a failure of his trip to England. He stated before he left that he would induce Manager Fleming of the National Sporting Club to offer a purse for Frank Craig, the Harlem Collier, to fight one of the English middleweights. The following cable was received from him: "The National Sporting Club has arranged a match between the Welsh champion, Jack O'Brien, of Cardiff, and Frank Craig, of New York, to fight for a purse of £200 in the National Sporting Club, in October." Craig's defeat by Peter Maher, it appears, has not detracted any from Craig's reputation in England.

Jack McLaughlin, the prize fighter, surprised all his friends by getting married in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30. The bride was Miss Catherine Rowe, and the ceremony was performed at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn. The only witness to the ceremony was Luke O'Reilly, the Brooklyn lawyer, who has been McLaughlin's nearest friend for years. After the marriage Jack ordered a big breakfast. The couple remained at the hotel all day. The couple had been courting only two months. There was a hard time getting the mother to consent, but when this was obtained they started at once in search of a man to perform the ceremony.

Peter Maher called at the "Police Gazette" office with John J. Quinn, of Pittsburgh, and Mike Haley. He is exceedingly desirous of meeting Bob Fitzsimmons again. While he considers Fitzsimmons to be the cleverest man in the world, he is sanguine that he will come out first best if a match is arranged. Maher adds that he weighs 180 pounds now, but could easily train down to 160 if necessary. As for Chojinski, he declares he is prepared to cross arms with him at any time and place Joe deems suitable. Peter is thinking of taking a trip to Ireland in the near future. He will postpone it, he says, if Chojinski or Fitzsimmons gives him a chance to fight.

On Aug. 4 Wm. A. Schell, President of the Olympic Club, New Orleans, called at the Police Gazette office regarding the proposed match between Peter Maher and Frank P. Slavin. He stated that the Olympic Club would give a purse of \$3,000, providing the fight would be for \$1,000 a side. The following was at once cabled to the Sporting Life, London:

NEW YORK, AUG. 4, 1894.

SPORTING LIFE, London—President Schell, of the Olympic Club, New Orleans, stated at Police Gazette office today if Slavin will deposit £200 to fight Peter Maher for that amount in November, Olympic Club will give £600 purse and allow £50 expenses. ANSWER.

RICHARD K. FOX.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

The following special cables were received at the "Police Gazette" office during the week:

LONDON, AUG. 1.

RICHARD K. FOX—Frank P. Slavin wants to know if Jake Kilrain has posted forfeit. Slavin will fight Kilrain or Maher for £200 a side "Police Gazette" belt, championship of the world, according to London rules.

LONDON, AUG. 2, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—The prize fight between Charlie Moran and Tom Fitzpatrick, the featherweight champion of Canada, was fought in Sheffield, and was won by Moran, who knocked Fitzpatrick out after fighting 30 rounds in 1 hour 18 minutes. There was a big crowd to witness it, and brisk betting, Fitzpatrick being the favorite.

A match will be arranged between Charley Kelly, the 110-pound champion of America, and George Corfield for £200 a side and a purse, to take place in Sheffield in November.

LONDON, AUG. 5, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Yesterday Oxbrow and Sansom, riding tandem, covered one mile on the road after a flying start in 1 minute 53 3/5 seconds.

Cincinnati claims Catcher Gansell's services.

O'Rourke is playing shortstop for Washington.

The match between Sir Walter and Banquet has been declared off.

On Aug. 2 it was Fred Taral's, the champion jockey's, twenty-eighth birthday.

At Philadelphia, on Aug. 2, the Twenty-second District Police ball team defeated the Twenty-ninth District team on the Philadelphia grounds by a score of 6 to 2.

At Buffalo, N. Y., in the trot for the 2:15 class for a purse of \$5,000, on Aug. 4, Aztec beat a field of twelve and won in three straight heats, in 2:10 3/4, 2:11 3/4, 2:10 3/4.

The Delaware County Driving and Bicycle Association has selected a site for a half-mile track at Moore, comprising 47 acres. The capital stock of the association is \$10,000.

At Boston, Mass., on Aug. 4 Col. Kuser won the 2:20 class trot. After Proteus had won the first heat in 2:20 3/4, Col. Kuser trotted the second, third and fourth heats in 2:20, 2:19 3/4 and 2:23 3/4.

At Saratoga, N. Y., on Aug. 4 the Beverwyck Steeplechase, for a purse of \$2,000, was won by Ballarat, 160 pounds; Glen-fall, 141 pounds, second, and Cicero, 169 pounds, third. Time, 6 minutes 11 seconds.

Hal Braden won the \$5,000 purse for the 2:09 class at Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 4. After Reflector won the first heat in 2:09 3/4, Hal Braden won the second heat in 2:09 3/4, the third heat in 2:08 3/4, and the fourth heat in 2:09 3/4.

At Riverton, N. J., on Aug. 2, the sixth match shoot for the Riverton challenge Plate was contested. Robert A. Welch, the holder, defeated James Wolstencroft by the score of 98 to 89, breaking the world's competitive amateur record.

At Southampton, L. I., on Aug. 4, W. A. Larned defeated M. F. Goodbody, the British tennis expert, in the final match for the championship of Long Island. It took four sets to decide the contest, the full score being 6-1, 2-6, 6-2, 6-3.

The Duke of Westminster's three-year-old race horse Bul-dington died Aug. 1 in England, as the result of injuries received in his stall two weeks ago. He was second for the Princess of Wales Stakes of 10,000 sovereigns, at Newmarket on July 5.

The Bitter Root Stakes, value \$2,000, five furlongs, at Saratoga, N. Y., August 4, was won by Pierre Lorillard's Annisette, 115 pounds; James R. Foxall Keene's Agitator, 108 pounds, second; Lissak, third. Time, 1:04; track heavy. Doggett rode the winner.

At Waltham, Mass., on Aug. 2, Henry Tyler rode a mile in 1:57 3/5, standing start. Here are the fractional figures: Quarter, 32 1/5; half, 1:00 2/5; three-quarters, 1:19 1/5; three-fourths, 1:29; mile, 1:57 3/5. Tyler's performance is the best on record.

At New York on Aug. 4 Jim Mitchell, the herculean weight-thrower of the New York Athletic Club, attempted to break the record. Picking up the iron ball and giving it a mighty swing, he sent it over the bar at 13 feet 7 3/4 inches, beating the record by 7 3/4 inches.

W. Gordon Parker, of New York, the Southern champion, who has greatly improved over his last year's game, defeated C. R. Budlong, the tenth leveled player, according to the rating of the National Association, at Newcastle, N. H., at lawn tennis, on Aug. 4. Score, 7-5, 7-5, 7-5.

At Waltham, Mass., on Aug. 4, another full second was sliced off the world's record for a mile with a flying start and pace-makers. Harry C. Tyler, of Springfield, did it very easily, and lowered the 1 minute 54 4/5 seconds record of J. P. Bliss, of Chicago, made on this same track, to 1 minute 53 3/5 seconds.

At New York, on Aug. 2, the New York-Boston game resulted in a draw, the game being called in the ninth inning on account of darkness. It was without question one of the most exciting contests ever seen here, and the great crowd was in a constant state of frenzy after the fifth inning. The score was 13-13.

At Concord, N. H., on August 2, the fastest quartet that ever faced a starter in New Hampshire on a half-mile track fought on the free-for-all pace. Gil Curry, by Almot Boy, won in four heats; B. B. second, Riley Medium third. Roan Wilkes was distanced. Best time, 2:15 3/4, which lowers the best State record three-quarters of a second.

For the next two weeks the Grand Circuit horses will be at Buffalo, where there is an array of speed which exceeds anything ever before seen at one meeting. The entries in the fifteen purses, which closed some time ago, and those which were held open till the 16th July, have a still greater patronage. In the 2:13 trot 1 a 2 probably be necessary to divide the field, and the Sensation pu: of the 2:09 pacers, which had twenty-one nominators originally, will also bring together more horses than can well be handled.

The Association of Trotting Horse Breeders has offered a purse of \$15,000 for a stallion race to take place at Mystic Park in September. Only stallions with a mark of 2:10 or better are eligible. The number within that charmed circle is six, and already three entries have been received. They are Directum, 2:05 1/4; Arion, 2:07 1/4; Kremlin, 2:07 1/4. The other three qualified to race for the purse are Nelson, 2:09; Allerton, 2:09 1/4; Moquette, 2:10. Entries close Aug. 10. The race is already assured.

August W. Johnson, the champion strong man of Sweden, called at the Police Gazette office Aug. 4 and issued a challenge to meet Ernesto in a weight-lifting contest for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Johnson states that Ernesto, who claims to be champion of Sweden, is not a champion, and that he is willing to prove it by a contest. Johnson stated that if Ernesto was not willing to arrange a match that he would meet Romulus, Cyr, Sampson or any strong man in the world for the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world.

At Chicago, August 4, the bicycle tournament attracted 12,000 spectators. Summary of the races:

One Mile Consolation (Class B)—Won by F. W. Ballard, Chicago; A. B. Gochler, Buffalo, second. Time, 2 minutes 55 seconds.

Half Mile (Open Class)—Won by L. D. Cahanne, St. Louis; E. C. Bald, Buffalo, second. Time, 1 minute 10 seconds.

One Mile (Open, Class B)—Won by A. D. Kennedy, Chicago; George F. Taylor, Springfield, second. Time, 2 minutes 25 seconds.

Quarter Mile (Open, Class B)—Won by T. Cooper, Detroit; C. M. Murphy, Brooklyn, second. Time, 32 2/5 seconds.

One Mile (Handicap, Class B)—Won by H. H. Maddox, Asbury Park (60 yards); I. R. Leacock, St. Louis (160 yards), second. Time, 2 minutes 14 4/5 seconds.

As the "Police Gazette" office last week an international contest was arranged between Helen Englehart, the female champion fencer of America, and Madeline de Morna, the champion of France. Articles of agreement were signed and \$100 a side posted by the backers of the rival champions to engage in a broadsword contest, the best in thirteen points for \$250 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship trophy, and the championship of the world. The contest is to take place in New York on September 3. Richard K. Fox is stakeholder and is to select the judges and they are to select a third one so that there will be fair play. De Morna claims that she will defeat Englehart if she receives fair play. The final deposit is to be made before the contest is decided. Englehart is the acknowledged female champion fencer of America; she has defeated both male and female in this country and Europe, while de Morna has won a long list of victories.

The following are the events and the winners of the Steubenville, Ohio, Bicycle races on August 1:

One Mile, Open, Class A—R. K. Updegraff won. Time, 2:28.

One Mile, Handicap, Class B—E. C. Johnson, Cleveland, won. Time, 2:32 2/5.

One Mile, Handicap, Class A—G. D. Comstock, Cleveland, won. Time, 2:15.

Two Miles, Open, Class B—E. C. Johnson, Cleveland, won. Time, 5:10.

Two Miles, Handicap, Class B—G. D. Comstock, Cleveland, won. Time, 4:49 3/5.

One-half Mile, Handicap, Class A—A. L. Banker, Pittsburgh, won. Time, 1:04 4/5.

One-half Mile, Open, Class B—E. C. Johnson, Cleveland, won. Time, 1:29 3/5.

At Saratoga, N. Y., on Aug. 2, the feature of the day's sport was the run for the Montana stakes at a mile, in which Dr. Hasbrouck met and defeated Lamplighter, Clifford and Key of Santa Anita, with Strathmeath, another American Derby winner, and the Australian horse, Stromboli, chucked in for good measure. Lamplighter was the favorite throughout the betting. To a good start Clifford went to the front, and with Dr. Hasbrouck a length away and Lamplighter just behind the trio, ran the circuit of the track, Key of Santa Anita leading the rear division. The lot ran in this way to the head of the stretch, the first quarter being covered in 24 1/2. A little punching at the head of the stretch sent Dr. Hasbrouck up on even terms with Clifford. Taral brought Lamplighter up with the leaders, and they were head and head at the last eighth pole. There Slims began to gain with Dr. Hasbrouck, and he persevered until he had won the race by a length from Lamplighter, who was a little better than that in front of Clifford. Time, 1:40 1/2.

There is a prospect of an international six-day race being arranged between James Ray, the long distance champion of England, and Wm. Schmel, the long-distance champion of America, for £300 a side and the championship of the world, as will be seen by the following cable:

LONDON, AUG. 4, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—James Ray, the long-distance champion pedestrian of England, has issued a challenge to run and walk six days against Wm. Schmel, of Chicago, for £300 a side and the long-distance championship of America. The race to take place in England or America, and "Police Gazette" six-day belt rules to govern. Should Schmel not accept, the challenge is open to Dan O'Leary John Hughes or any pedestrian in America.

Frank P. Slavin declares that he will fight Jake Kilrain at the National Sporting Club, London, for £200 and purse.

THE SEASIDE ATHLETIC CLUB.

The inaugural boxing tournament of the recently organized Seaside Athletic Club, in the arena of the old Coney Island Athletic Club on August 1, was witnessed by more than two thousand men. Maxwell E. More, of the N. Y. A. C., volunteered his services as referee.

The evening's entertainment began with a broadsword contest between Duane C. Ross and G. Pavese. Pavese had the better of the bout, and apparently scored the greatest number of points, but Mike Haley, the referee, failed to see it in that light, and decided Ross the winner.

The first boxing bout introduced Danny McBride, of New York, and Jack Downey, of Brooklyn. They weighed in at 123 pounds. Six lively rounds were fought. McBride cut out the pace, and kept his opponent moving lively from the start. Mac showed himself to be a much cleverer fighter than his opponent, and scored the greatest number of hits. Downey also landed good and hard, but not so often as the New Yorker, who got the decision.

The 8-round bout between Winters and Jim Holmes, the welterweight pugilists, was a very one-sided affair. Winters, of whom great things were expected, put up a miserable exhibition. Holmes fought on the aggressive throughout and hit Winters almost when and where he pleased. Twice Holmes knocked his man down and frequently brought the blood from his nose and blackened his eye with stiff right hand swings. Winters was badly marked at the end, while Holmes did not have a scratch. Holmes got the decision.

The main event of the evening, a 10-round bout between Mike Leonard, of Brooklyn, and Eddie Pierce, of New York, at catchweights, was full of snap and ginger. The fighting throughout was fast and furious and roused the enthusiasm of the spectators to a high pitch.

The fighting during the last five rounds was terrific. The boys mauled each other with a vim and determination that awoke thunders of applause. Both landed hard and often and each showed marks of punishment at the end.

The last round was of the hurricane order, both men fighting like demons from start to finish. They fought so hard that they were hardly able to stand when time was called. The referee was unable to pick a winner and declared the contest a draw, a decision that was loudly cheered.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

On Aug. 4 the New York baseball team met the Brooklyn in two games and captured both, the first game by a score of 16 to 8 and the second by a score of 9 to 8. The excitement was tremendous at the close of the game, and at least 5,000 excited spectators escorted the New Yorks to the club house and gave each member of the team a great send-off. Ward and Van Halren were in turn lifted on the shoulders of some of the crowd and carried part way across the field. No victory that any New York team has ever won was greeted with more unconfined joy. The Boston baseball club now leads in the race for the championship, but the Giants of New York are playing wonderful baseball, and by their excellent play still stand a chance of reaching the championship goal if they keep up their form. The following is the standing of the clubs on Aug. 5:

Clubs.				Clubs.			
Won.	Lost.	P. Ct.		Won.	Lost.	P. Ct.	
Boston.....	55	30	.647	Brooklyn.....	43	40	
Baltimore.....	52	30	.634	Cincinnati.....	40	44	
New York.....	53	32	.624	Chicago.....	37	47	
Cleveland.....	48	35	.578	St. Louis.....	37	52	
Pittsburgh.....	46	40	.535	Louisville.....	28	58	
Philadelphia.....	43	38	.531	Washington.....	25	61	

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P. E., Springfield.—1. Henry Ernest Searle, the champion of the world, died in Australia on Nov. 9, 1899. Searle defeated

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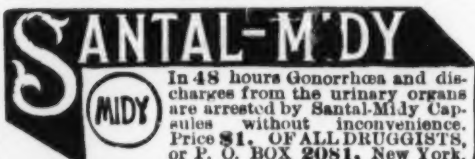
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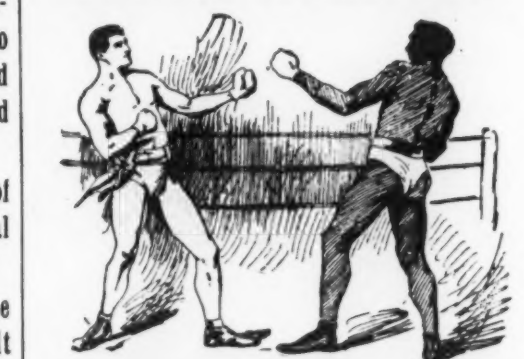
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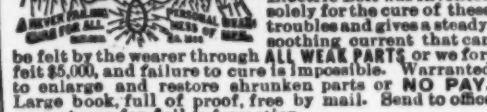
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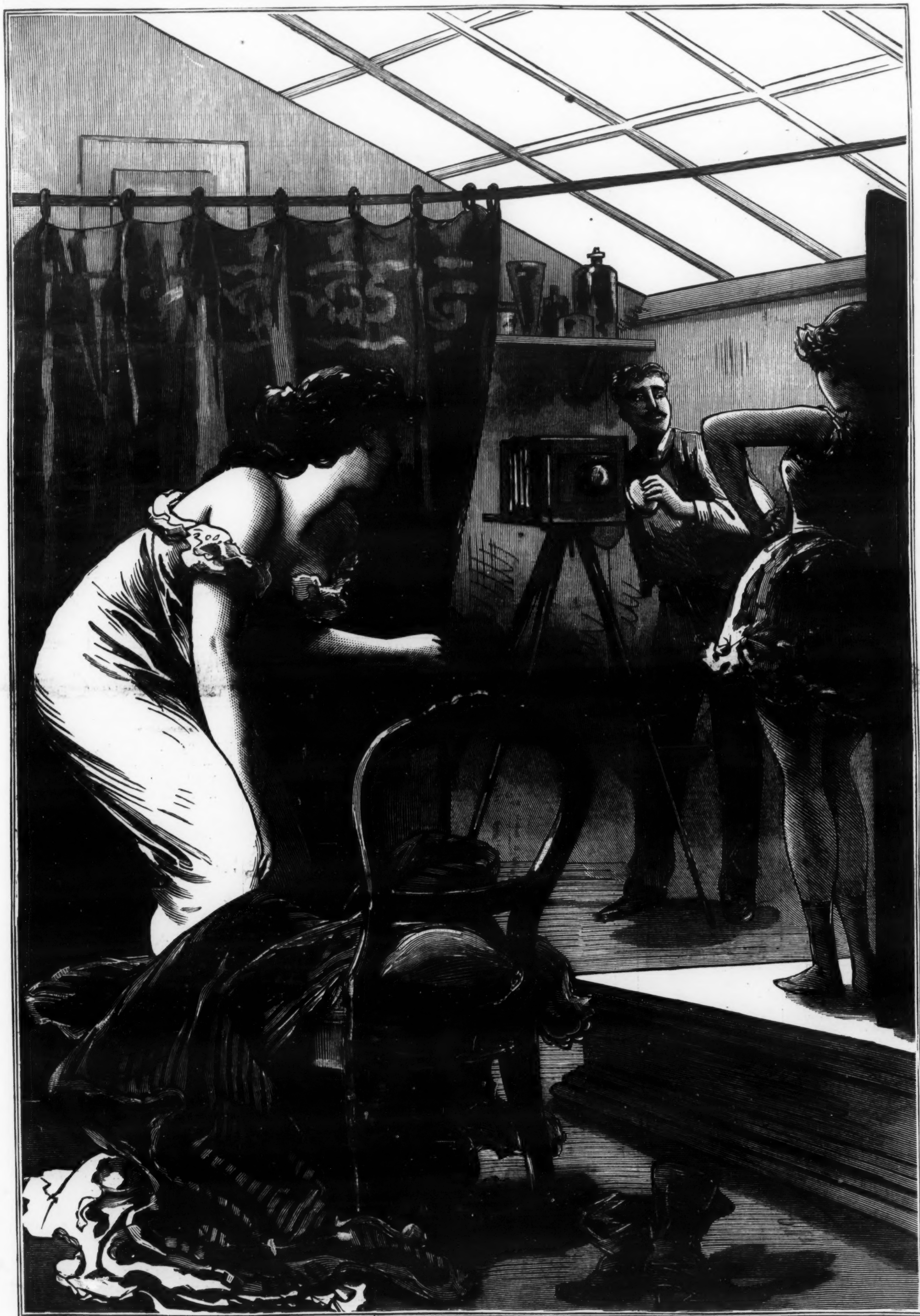
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